It Comes And Goes

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It Comes And Goes

by WordsAblaze

Summary

The pendulum swings.

Will sneezes.

“Bless you,” Hannibal says, and Will flinches so hard he almost trips over the victim’s hand.

“You’re not supposed to be here,” he mutters.

Hannibal raises an eyebrow. “And are you certain you’re supposed to be here in such a condition?”

Notes

encephalitis at a crime scene, check !

day 13 prompts: infection / "i don't feel so good"

See the end of the work for more notes

Will knows there's something wrong—more wrong than usual anyway; he doesn't even remember the last time he's felt anything close to right—as soon as he opens his eyes and promptly sneezes four times in a row.

Chest aching, Will pushes himself upright and takes a few deep breaths. He manages three and a half before his exhale becomes a coughing fit that has his eyes watering within seconds. With a curse, he props himself up against the headboard and grits his teeth before swinging his legs over the side of the bed.

It's nothing short of an *ordeal* to get to his feet, his vision swimming in and out of existence as he stumbles to the bathroom. Splashing cold water on his face wakes him up at least, pulling his limbs back into their regular routine of *not* collapsing in on him, though it does nothing to clear his thoughts.

In all honesty, he has no recollection of what he does next, and he blinks rapidly in confusion when he finds himself gripping a steering wheel. Cursing, he manages to avoid swerving off the side of the road, and bites his lip as hard as he can, using the pain to ground himself for the rest of the journey.

"I'll clear the room for you, Will," Jack is telling him the next time he blinks.

Will nods without thinking, then frowns, glancing around what must be the latest crime scene. By the time that fact has registered, the room is empty, and Will sighs heavily, running a hand over his face before taking a semi-deep breath and closing his eyes.

The pendulum swings.

The body pulls itself back together, the blood throws itself back into the artery it had emerged from, and the mess clears itself up around him.

The pendulum swings.

The murderer slips back inside through the window, the victim returns to being unaware of an intruder in their home, and the crime unravels through him.

The pendulum swings.

Will sneezes.

"Bless you," Hannibal says, and Will flinches so hard he almost trips over the victim's hand.

"You're not supposed to be here," he mutters, hoping his accusatory tone isn't too disguised by the sudden hoarse quality of his voice.

Hannibal raises an eyebrow, glancing down at the mangled corpse before meeting Will's gaze once again. "And are you certain *you're* supposed to be here in such a condition?"

“I’m not in any kind of *condition* ,” Will scoffs, but ends up coughing as the action tickles his throat. With a groan, he clutches at his chest, willing the sharp ache to go away before he embarrasses himself any further. He knows Hannibal wants to argue, but Jack returns before he can do so, and Will bites back a laugh—along with another cough—at the sight of Hannibal’s disappointed expression.

He's vaguely aware of himself narrating the details of the murder to Jack but, the next time he blinks, he’s standing outside, next to a frowning Beverly whose gaze scans him from head to toe before she gently nudges him. “You know, now that you’ve handed us all the answers on a silver platter, *yet again*, you can go home and get some rest.”

“What? Will asks, eloquent as always.

Beverly gives him a pointed look. “Jack may be ignoring your red eyes and shaking hands, but I won’t. Go home, Will.”

It’s only then that Will realises his hands are shaking, and he folds his arms to hide them, frustrated that his limbs seem to be going against him. “I’m okay.”

“Yeah, and I’m the Chesapeake Ripper,” Beverly replies, rolling her eyes.

Something glints above Beverly’s head, and Will catches the gaze of the Wendigo, his stomach immediately twisting around itself as their eyes lock onto one another. He swallows the urge to retch, clenching his jaw and shifting slightly so his arms are wrapped around his middle in an attempt to calm his stomach through sheer determination alone.

“Will?” Beverly asks from above him, her voice a pitch too high to be unconcerned. Will groans, wondering why he’s suddenly on his knees in the snow, but he doesn’t have time to solve that mystery before gentle hands are lifting him up.

He finds himself leaning back against fabric so soft that it can’t belong to anyone but Hannibal, and tries in vain to pull himself away. “No, I’m okay, I don’t need—”

Hannibal cuts him off by bringing an arm up to press the back of his hand against Will’s forehead, effectively caging him in as he does, and Will’s head decides to fall back onto Hannibal’s shoulder, his eyes fluttering shut. “You have a fever, Will,” Hannibal announces.

He’s sure Beverly says something to him, but the Wendigo cocks his head in the distance, and Will’s breath catches in his throat, his lungs protesting with a wave of pain so deep it takes his knees out for the second time. This time, two sets of arms keep him upright, Hannibal’s from behind him and Beverly’s from in front of him; he’s *almost* certain the Wendigo coils its claws around his neck to keep him upright too, but he’s not yet delirious enough to try and clarify that aloud.

“I don’t—” Will groans, curling his arms tighter around himself as the Wendigo's breath rips down his spine, “—I don’t feel so good.”

He squeezes his eyes shut, and opens them to a frantic blur of trees. The sight distresses his stomach and he winces, immediately closing his eyes again and trying to convince himself he

hadn’t seen the Wendigo watching him from within the blur. “Hannibal?”

“You’ll be alright, Will. I am taking you home so you can rest, as you should have done instead of coming to work this morning,” Hannibal explains, but his voice sounds strange, as if he’s underwater, and the water is bubbling, mixing and matching his words.

“Home?” he echoes.

A pause, then: “My house, Will. My fridge is stocked with the appropriate ingredients for a soothing broth.”

“Not hungry,” Will mumbles, then, realising Hannibal had only been trying to help, swallows the lump of nausea in his throat and adds: “Sorry.”

“No need,” Hannibal replies promptly, his tone far less disapproving than Will had expected, but, then again, that may just be a consequence of what he’s been reliably informed is his natural pessimism. “I understand that food may be difficult for you right now. Nevertheless, my house remains the most suitable option.”

Before Will can even broach the subject, Hannibal’s palm fleetingly lands on Will’s thigh, the contact sending sparks dancing across his skin, even through his jeans. “And not to worry, I have informed Alana that the dogs require feeding.”

Will isn’t sure he manages to verbalise his gratitude before the world swirls into a void. He must have done, because otherwise Hannibal wouldn’t be removing his shoes for him. He tries again to form the right words, just to be safe, but his stomach finally revolts and he has only enough time to lean to the side before retching and expelling its contents, thankfully not substantially.

“Easy, easy,” Hannibal murmurs, guiding him back onto the mattress, steady hands brushing his hair away from his face to check his temperature; Will feels like a child, but doesn’t have the energy—or enough reason—to complain.

“S—sorr—rry,” he shivers.

The duvet is pulled up around his shoulders, and Will burrows further into it without a moment’s hesitation. It’s warm and soft and smells inexplicably like apples so he knows it must be part of Hannibal’s design, and something tells him Hannibal’s design is a safe place for him to be right now, so he returns to the void, reassured by the knowledge that Hannibal will guide him out of it when the time is right.

End Notes

wendigo cameo for friday the 13th, as a treat :)

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